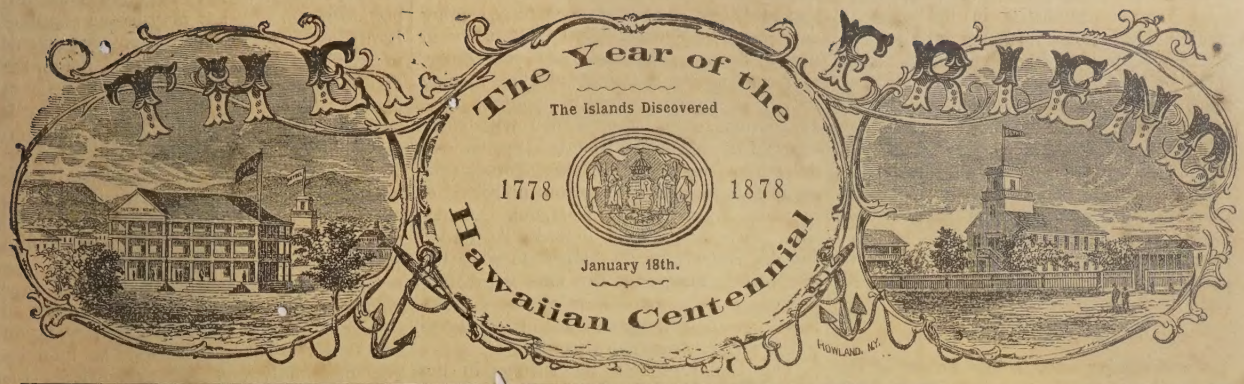

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THE FRIEND.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1878.

☞ Rev. Dr. Somerville, the Scottish evangelist, is a passenger on the *Australia*, en route to England, but will meet all inclined to listen to a short address at half-past seven this evening, in Fort street Church.

Queen Emma and Rev. C. Kingsley.

In reading the memoir of the late Rev. C. Kingsley, author of "Hypatia," "Westward Ho," and other popular books, we have met with a very pleasant allusion to Queen Emma. It appears that when in England, in 1864, she was his guest at Eversley Rectory, where he was for so many years the Rector.

LETTER FROM REV. E. T. DOANE.—This former missionary in Micronesia and Japan, so well known upon the Islands, has been compelled to return to the United States through family affliction, and is now preaching at Bonne Terre, San Francisco, co. Missouri. He thus writes, under date of April 22d: "For the past three days my thoughts have wandered more than usual to Honolulu. This evening the FRIEND came along and right into my study. * * * And just one word before I close. The Lord has given me work to do for Him in this mining town. I am here with both my children. They are well. The field is important. It is a growing place, yet to be one of the most important in S. E. Missouri if the lead holds out, and there seems to be no end to it. The mine is exceedingly valuable; fortunes have been taken from it, and will be taken. The miners are kind-hearted, and I manage to make friends with most. We have just organized a small church, and are soon to put up a small building. I have just opened a school for the miners' daughters, to develop, I hope, in time into something higher. I love the people, and am willing to do what I can for them. My work reminds me of Ponape. We sat down at that place for a real siege and took it. So must this place be taken."

How vividly we recall the Rev. Mr. Doane's arrival here, more than twenty years ago, on his voyage to Micronesia. He was then buoyant and hopeful, and we rejoice to learn that the buoyancy and hopefulneess of the youthful missionary is still manifest, after passing through as chequered and varied an experience as seldom falls to the lot of any missionary. He acquired and preached in the dialect of the Marshall Islanders, and then in that of the Ponapians. Subsequently he labored with ardor and success in Japan, and now hopefully is laboring among the miners of Missouri. Among those miners' sons may there arise a Luther! Strange talent is developed from among the youth of Missouri. If we mistake not, only a few years ago, Samuel Clements (Mark Twain) and Stanley, the African explorer, were both abiding among the people of Missouri.

M. WADDINGTON.—Among the photographs of the members of the Berlin Congress, M. Waddington, the French Delegate, is spoken of as having a remarkably "English face." Why should he not? His father was an Englishman, and his mother an American—a Miss King, of Boston.

OAHU COLLEGE.—By notice it appears that Oahu College term opens on the 4th inst. All the teachers except one lady teacher have arrived, and are at the institution, and by the incoming California steamer the other teacher is expected.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 20

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN BERLIN.

The summer has indeed come, having had already a number of days of decidedly warm weather. The celebration of the Fourth of July was one of the pleasantest affairs I have attended in Europe. The number of Americans is not large in Berlin, and there is nothing at all like the American life of Paris, Geneva or Rome; but the few American people are extremely pleasant and very social at such a time as this. Dr. Thompson delivered an address on Bryant, who has recently died in America in such a ripe and golden old age. The Hall was decorated with much taste, and back of the speaker's desk was a fine portrait of the late Mr. Bryant. Mr. Bayard Taylor presided, making a few exceedingly pleasant and happy remarks in opening and introducing Dr. Thompson, who was the orator of day. The oration was exceedingly fine, the subject being BRYANT, and all the quotations of poetry introduced were from the writings of this poet. Dr. Thompson is a most versatile and gifted man, seeming at home on almost every subject. His delivery is excellent, and it is to be regretted that he does not enjoy more perfect health, so as to permit his engaging more constantly in public work. [The Rev. Dr. Thompson was formerly settled over the Broadway Tabernacle in New York city. I told him, much to his amusement, that in Miss Greene's school at Makawao, Maui, there was a native girl named *Broadway Tabernacle*, as she was supported by his church.] The hall was well filled. Before supper there was an informal social gathering, with vocal and instrumental music. The tables for the supper looked beautifully, being set off with tropical plants and fruit. The toasts, in French, German, and English, I thought were excellent—rather above the usual order of toasts on such occasions. There were many distinguished guests, but I have not time to enumerate them, as I wish to tell you how much I am enjoying the stay of Dr. Justin Emerson and his charming young bride here. They have been in Paris for several months, have been on the Rhine, and are now on their way to Switzerland, where they spend some weeks, and hope next winter to settle down to further medical studies in Vienna. They have been most kindly re-

ceived here. Professor Virchow, one of the most eminent authorities in the world in medicine, has shown them special attention. Mrs. Emerson is highly educated and cultivated, and is very charming, and is not in the least unpleasantly "woman's rights," as you would think she might be from her "M. D." I am very much pleased to have met a lady in her profession, for she has strengthened the belief I have always entertained in the propriety and possibility of female physicians. We spent the last day of their stay here at Potsdam, amid its palaces and parks, having a most delightful time.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS AND PEACE.

On Saturday last, in the Palace of the Chancellor of the German Empire, with all due and befitting ceremony and formality, were signed the documents which will hereafter hold such an important place in European political annals, under the designation of the "Treaty of Berlin." After long and wearisome months of anxious waiting and suspense, that which has been so earnestly desired by all sincere lovers and advocates of peace and order has in reality and earnestness taken place, and the European Congress is no longer a matter of conjecture and fancy, but an accomplished fact of history—one destined in all probability to be of immense influence on all coming time. Long before this reaches your columns, the telegraph will have announced to you the result of the deliberations of the most eminent of living European statesmen during the past month, and you will have rejoiced with us here at the more settled and peaceful state of national affairs which seems now to be promised to those countries over which the war cloud has so long hovered. It would be idle indeed, at this early day, to speculate in reference to the positive effects which the recently-signed treaty will have upon European affairs, and one might be in danger of being considered too sanguine should he count upon a millennial state of peace and repose to follow immediately upon the conclusion of the Congress. Still one cannot but feel that lasting good will flow from this great historic meeting. Now that it is over, and the illustrious personages who have figured so prominently in this striking Peace Tableau have departed to their respective countries, and the event is already a rounded and completed subject for description and criticism, it may not be uninteresting to learn something of the Congress in relation to Berlin. By the time this can reach the Islands, you will be as familiar, and perhaps more so, than your correspondent with its manifold political meaning and significance. During the month of its sessions, Berlin seemed to be as it were a part of it. The two—the Congress and capital—were so interwoven that, as I have already said, I shall confine myself to this aspect in my account. Varied and striking as had been the appearance of the city before, it grew doubly so on the opening of the regular meetings. Before the doors and gateways of Hotels and Embassies, where the different members of the Congress resided, guards were placed, and night and day paced back and forth before their black and white sentry boxes. The Hotels were crowded with distinguished guests; couriers and messengers and secretaries were constantly coming and going; the wires were continually in use. Scores and scores of journalists, representing the press of all the leading nations of Europe, poured in upon the City. Delegations, each commissioned with some especial request to the Congress, appeared—delegations in behalf of Peace, Anti-slavery men, a Jewish representation in behalf of their countrymen in the East, etc. Armenian ecclesiastics, red "fezzed" Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, all helped to give life and varied character to this most interesting gathering. The hotel lists were in themselves an interesting and instructive geographical and ethnographical study.

The Congress held its sittings in the palace of Prince Bismarck—a solid but especially imposing edifice. On the days of the meeting of the members of the Congress a curious throng gathered on the Wilhelm Strasse to witness the arrival of the different members, receiving them with lifted hats. The Congress was a striking illustration of the form which Monarchical government seems to be assuming more and more in Europe. We read with interest in history of the meeting of Crowned Heads, of the conferences of Emperors! Yet I imagine the world is learning to consider that there can be gatherings of far more importance than these. Though in the recent gathering in Berlin no Royalty had immediate share, yet, if I am not very much mistaken, it would be generally conceded that the virtual *rulers* of Europe were here. Nearly all the representatives who took part in the Congress—certainly every one who took an important position—were men of marked career, some of them being those whose names will hold a high and brilliant place in history. To-day their names are synonymous with all that is most adroit, brilliant and effective in diplomacy—men who have the rare faculty of swaying great masses of people, of conceiving and executing measures before which ordinary men would shrink back in dismay, who share in a high degree the love and confidence of the Sovereigns whom they represent. The company which gathered day after day in the Radziwilliam Palace was perhaps in some respects the most remarkable which this century has seen assembled. The city, in a certain sense, seemed filled with their presence, and the eagerness displayed to see them whenever they appeared in public would have been a compliment to Royalty, as indeed it was to the royalty of their intellect. At their head stood *Prince Bismarck*, the German Chancellor, whose name has gone through the length and breadth of the civilized world—earnest, resolute, a man of undaunted courage and lion-like energy, a trained diplomat, admirably fitted by careful study and long experience to guide the counsels of so important an assemblage. He came to the Congress, weak of body and much broken in health, carrying national burdens huge enough to crush some men, and yet he has, with a rare ability and cool judgment, a patient energy, conducted the Congress safely to a peaceful conclusion. Immediately after Bismarck comes *Lord Beaconsfield*, than whom modern times have not produced a more remarkable man. In the Congress he may be said to have held the most important place. What may be the result of Lord Beaconsfield's policy it is now difficult to say; but he is now, without doubt, the lion of the hour. He stands knee-deep in laurels. Those who were prepared to sneer have joined in the applause of the moment, and the air is rife with rumors of ducal honors awaiting him on his return to England. He seems to have carried by storm the people of Berlin. His *bons mots* fill the papers; an eager crowd greeted him enthusiastically whenever he appeared. He seems to possess a wonderful power over men, irresistible in its influence, and yet so elusive of analysis. Against your will you are forced to acknowledge that he interests you profoundly, and you acknowledge his fascination. A more singular face—a more singularly unattractive face I may say—than his, in some respects, it would be difficult to find. He seems to be the natural butt of the caricaturists, and his own photograph cannot fail at times to provoke a laugh. And yet in the piercing eyes, veiled at will, the striking and strongly-marked Jewish features, the assured expression of conscious strength, which meet you at the second glance, make you ashamed of the thoughtlessness of your laugh. Mr. Disraeli, the novelist, the man of letters, the Bohemian, is not wholly extinct. You see him in the affectations of dress which still crop out in Lord Beaconsfield, the Premier and foremost statesman of England. The Earl of Beaconsfield has the faculty, more than any other man living, of making politics poetic. He is gifted with an Oriental imagination, but at the same time he is so happy as to be able to *materialize* and execute his dreams. Then, too, here was *Count Andrassy*, from Austria, whose elaborate toilets and brilliant uniforms and carefully adjusted and curled locks seem hardly in keeping with one's idea of a statesman of his reputation. He strikes you as a keen, decided, perhaps nervous man, with strongly-marked features, which impressed me as being far from pleasant. But this may be the result of a too hasty glance.

Rarely if ever have I seen a more gentle and beamingly benevolent old face than that of *Prince Gortschakoff*, of Russia, the oldest Chancellor in Europe. Notwithstanding his delicate health, the brave little old man strove faithfully to fill his place in the Congress, being carried from his carriage to the Congressional hall. *Schouvaloff* is a man of noble face and expression. *Waddington*, though one of the foremost statesmen of France, has an unmistakeable English face and manner, contrasting strangely with the perfect Parisianism of *St. Vallier*, the French Ambassador at the German Court. But my time will scarcely permit of my going into further details in connection with names of other members of the Congress, with whose public life you are undoubtedly familiar—that of Lord Salisbury, Count Costi, the Turkish representatives, etc., etc.

A NATIONAL AND HISTORICAL MOSAIC.

The student fond of historical contrasts would scarcely have been at a loss for subjects for thought and reflection in his walks and rambles in Berlin during the last few

months, and especially during the past four weeks. It would seem as if circumstances had combined to render this capital during the past spring and passing summer a very mosaic of novel and picturesque effects; of wildest and most unexpected surprises; of alternating joy and alarm; marriage-merriment and festivity, and muttered threats of anarchy, revolt and wide-spread disorder. We have had before us the picture of a people opening their gates in hospitable welcome to those who should, instead of war, seek by wise and careful legislation to bring peace and concord to great and important nations, but at the same time looking with anxious face and troubled heart at an enemy arising in their very midst. It has been a very golden harvest-time for reporters and sensationalists, and the air has been so clouded with rumors and reports that it has been with difficulty that one could detect the genuine rays of truth in so befogged an atmosphere. It has been a time when mere lookers on have felt sated with excitement, when those on whose shoulders rest the burdens of State and authority must have oftentimes anxiously questioned where the end of it all would be, and when earnest and thoughtful men must have felt that fine-spun theories and philosophical dreams are poor barriers against the flood-tides of human facts, which are swept up from the yet unfathomed depths of the human heart. It has been a motley, brilliant procession which has defiled before the curious and inquisitive gaze of the Berlinese, but which is scarcely to be wondered at in an age when steam links the Continents and iron joins the oceans of the world, and the air quivers with winged messages in every tongue. The passers on the street have come now to look with the gaze of old friends on the group of Chinese, whose pronounced costume and Eastern faces and curious language at first attracted such lively interest. What a wide world of geographical and national and historical difference there lies between these sons of the Flowery Kingdom and the officers of the German service, in their brilliant uniforms, and the contented, solid-looking German Burgers whom they pass on the avenue! The Japanese are almost lost sight of in the crowd, for they have little to distinguish them from those about them, having slipped as readily into European clothes as their Empire has into European civilization and culture. The Embassy from Morocco was especially marked out for the public gaze. It would have been impossible to have mistaken them as they appeared at the opera, at different public gatherings and in their carriages in the crowded thoroughfares. They seemed almost like ghosts at a banquet, these men of melancholy, sad faces and eyes, seeming half dazed in the midst of all these Teutonic sights and scenes, gliding hither and thither in winding sheets of white, and crowned with mighty turbans, which rose like mountains of snow above their faces, dyed by African suns. Religions and civilizations of a widely different nature clasped hands over the *menu* of the Imperial dinner given them here. And it is interesting to read in this land of Luther of the compromises which were effected between the monarch who rules over the Imperial *cuisine* and the master of the Mohammedan mysteries of cookery who followed in the train of this turbaned Embassy. It is to be hoped that while they bridged the differences of their religious beliefs, they were equally successful in providing that which should contribute to the physical well-being of the host and guests. There was something suggestive of Oriental tales in the gifts which they brought and laid at the feet of the Emperor. I have heard among them of rare and beautiful embroideries in gold, of pointed slippers, of silken girdles, etc. And then, to complete the picture, a half-score or so of horses have lately come from Morocco for the Imperial stables with their swarthy keepers. The Shah of Persia lent for a short time his presence to this procession of people from distant lands of which I am speaking. His visit chanced to be on a strange, wild day. I remember standing on the "Linden," before the Emperor's Palace, on the day on which the heart of the German people almost stood still, when word flew hither and thither that the grey-haired old Emperor, who had faced the thunder of so many battles, had fallen under the cowardly shot of a would-be assassin. The broad avenue was filled with thousands and tens of thousands of faces, so closely grouped that it seemed like one great national face, on which was written tearful love and devotion, wonderment and dazed surprise, and whose straining gaze seemed to strive to pierce the palace walls to rest in helpful sympathy on the bleeding face and prostrate form of its Imperial head and father. Turning a moment from this strange, hushed throng, I saw floating above the apartments assigned to the Shah, in the old Schloss, the standard of Persia. It was a singular, mute reminder of that civilization of the East which, for all practical purposes, has been embalmed and entombed for ages in the midst of a people who claim, and with reason, to stand among the foremost representatives of the most advanced Western civilization of our day. And yet, standing for the moment in the shadow of a cloud which darkened our sky, the thought involuntarily pressed itself forward, that perhaps, after all, there were still very unsightly tares in the wheat of this boasted Western civilization, which the old Persian flag, or the ruler over whom it waved, could not fail to see. The Shah staid with us a very short time, hurrying off to the more congenial scenes of Paris, and the last word which has come to us of the Persian Sovereign is of his visit to Vienna and the Austrian Court. He seems to have endeavored to study men and things by the way, so that it is to be devoutly hoped that he will take back many ideas for the benefit of his classic but needy realm. I should be poorly performing my duty as a chronicler if I did not mention in my enumeration of striking figures that of General Ulysses Grant, ex-President of the United States, who visited Berlin for a few days not long since, in all becoming Democratic simplicity. His reception here was most appropriate, though coming as he did at a time when almost every other man whom you saw on the street was a Premier, or a Chancellor, or an Ambassador, or some equally important individual, his presence here created scarcely the interest that it might under other circumstances. At the American Legation General and Mrs. Grant received one evening the American residents of Berlin. The number of Americans here is, as you are already perhaps aware, very considerably less than in many European cities. The smallness of the colony is amply compensated for by the high social standing of the people who are here.

AN INTERNATIONAL FETE.

During the Congress there seemed to be one succession of entertainments, commencing with that given in the White Saloon of the Schloss, to the splendid one of last Saturday given in the same place, both of which were presided over by the Crown Prince, in the manly, noble way which seems so peculiarly characteristic of him. At the English, Austrian and French Embassies were held receptions at stated times during the progress of the Congress. One grand fete was, however, given in the Zoological Garden, where Berlin was permitted *en masse* to see a number of the stars of the Congressional galaxy. The Zoological Garden is a marked institution of Berlin life, which lies at some little distance from the center of the city—a most charming walk or drive, rather. The Garden is very extensive, and is one of the finest of its kind, if not *the* finest, in Europe. Here the Berliners, old and young, parents and children, officers and civilians, love to come on summer afternoons and evenings, and under the shadow of the forest trees, slowly and with long drawn out enjoyment to drink their beer and coffee, while the band discourses sweet music. The great "Fete" which was given here during the Congress, in its honor, was a notable event. Never before had so many people flocked to the Garden. They came by thousands and thousands. Five bands were employed for the musical programme of the afternoon and evening, which was long and varied, and towards the close embraced the national airs of the various countries represented in the Congress, or some piece in honor of them. Towards evening the crowd became nearly one solid mass, so that promenading was well-nigh impossible. The national air of Germany was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering, intended as a compliment for the Emperor. A place was reserved for the Congress, a number of the members being present. As the late summer dusk came among the trees, the Garden was lighted with hundreds of colored lamps; the beautiful little lake, which forms, with a dashing waterfall, surmounted by a statue of Neptune, one of the principal ornaments of the Garden, was superbly lighted with a blaze of red and green fires, and the whole scene became for the time a land of enchantment.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE CONGRESS.

It would seem as if nature was pleased to smile propitiously on the closing scenes of the Congress. For many days before the 13th we had severe and prolonged rains and much unpleasant and cloudy weather, which does not yet seem to have fully blown away. But the afternoon on which the Treaty was signed was radiant with glorious sunshine, which seemed to flow like a golden river between the stormy cloud banks of the preceding and succeeding days. The long and

stately Wilhelm Strasse, near the entrance to Prince Bismarck's Palace, was scattered over with a crowd of people awaiting the arrival of the representatives. The huge bulk of the "Kaiserhof," the greatest hotel of the city, rose on one side of the Wilhelms Platz; on another the massive edifice of the Foreign Office, with its stone lions; on a third the Palace of Prince Charles, brother of the Emperor, and in this stately enclosure the beautiful "Platz,' with its rustling trees and clustering shrubs and exquisite groupings of summer flowers on a velvety, emerald-tinted turf. Opposite might be seen the beautiful building partially erected by Borsig, the great iron manufacturer of Berlin, but which he never lived to occupy. To north and south stretched the Wilhelm Strasse, lined on either side with princely palaces, foreign embassies and aristocratic residences. Above the Bismarck Palace floated the German flag, against a sky of blue embossed with snow-white clouds. Stately policemen, in helmets which recalled old Roman statues, paced back and forth, keeping the public thoroughfares cleared—models of dignity and unruffled patience. As each equipage, with liveried coachman and footmen, drove up and into the court of the Palace, eager faces were stretched forth from the crowd to get a yet better view of this or that great man. One after another appeared, all resplendent in gold lace, cocked hats, and brilliant uniforms. Then followed within, words full of friendship and good-will between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy, as spokesmen of the Congress. The mighty documents, beautifully prepared for the occasion, received the necessary signatures, and the Congress of Berlin was declared adjourned. May the clear skies and glorious sunshine which gladdened and beautified the closing day typify the better day of peace and goodwill and national faith which it is now fondly hoped has dawned on the troubled night of European politics.

F. W. Damon.

39 Behren Strasse, Berlin, July 25th, 1878.

Death of Rev. E. W. Clark.

"Our readers will be pained to learn of the death of Rev. E. W. Clark, who died of sunstroke, at Chicago, on the 16th ult., aged 79 years. He was prostrated by the heat on the previous Sunday.

"Mr. Clark was born at Haverhill, N. H., April 25, 1799; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1824, and at Andover 1827; and arrived at the Islands March 31, 1828. He commenced his labors at Honolulu, where he remained six years. He then removed to Lahainaluna and Wailuku, where he labored nine years; and from the latter place returned to Honolulu, taking charge of the large congregation at Kawaiahao. Mr. Clark leaves two daughters, residing on these Islands, one daughter in Japan, and two sons in San Francisco."

In addition to the above notice of Mr. Clark's death, copied from the *Advertiser*, we would remark that on his arrival at Honolulu, in 1828, he labored for a season among seamen, the Chaplaincy not having been established. After his return to Honolulu, in 1848, he became pastor of the First Native Church of this city, and remained in this position until 1862. He returned to the United States in 1864, but continued his work in behalf of Hawaiians, for he was employed for several years in revising the translation of the Bible in the Hawaiian language, and superintending its printing and electrotyping by the American Bible Society. When that long and arduous work was finished, he read the "proofs" for several Hawaiian publications issued by the American Tract Society. Our long and pleasant acquaintance enables us to speak of our departed brother in terms of honest commendation. He was a true and genuine missionary, who faithfully discharged the duties of his high and holy office in a manner entitling him to hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Death of the Rev. Daniel Dole.

Kapaa, Kauai, Aug. 28.

Rev. S. C. Damon.

Dear Sir,—It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of my dear father, who passed away from this earth on Monday morning, the 26th inst.

For about a week he had been failing in bodily strength very rapidly, but his mind remained bright and unaffected. He knew that he could not live long, and spoke of death with composure and even cheerfulness.

We feel sad in losing so near and so valued a friend and counselor, but we know that his condition is infinitely benefited. He has stepped from darkness into light, from ignorance and uncertainty into the full effulgence of the truth.

May I request you, who have known him so long and so intimately, to prepare for the papers a suitable notice of his decease. Had he lived just two weeks longer he would have completed his 70th year, having been born Sept. 9, 1808.

Yours truly, Geo. H. Dole.

Just as our paper was going to press, and while preparing our notice of the Rev. Mr. Clark, we received the above note announcing the death of the Rev. Daniel Dole, another of the American missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands. We can still write in the same strain, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Our acquaintance with the latter has been even more intimate than with the former, for ever since our arrival in the autumn of 1842, we have been most familiarly associated with him, and the acquaintance thus formed had long since deepened into a friendship that was never darkened by a cloud or saddened by one word of alienation. He was a pure-minded, thoughtful, scholarly, devout, Christian missionary, whom we truly loved, and who enjoyed the esteem of all his missionary associates and the respect of the public.

He was born in Bloomfield, now Showhegan, Maine, Sept. 9, 1808; graduated at Bowdoin College 1836, and Bangor Theological Seminary 1839, and was ordained at Bloomfield 1840. He embarked at Boston for Honolulu Nov. 14, 1840. On his arrival here, in the spring of 1841, he was appointed Principal of Punahou School, which was then established. When the school became incorporated as Oahu College he became the President, where he remained until 1855, when he removed to Koloa, Kauai, still continuing his labors as a teacher, in which capacity he has been eminently successful. His fine taste for classical study enabled him to prepare many for Yale, Williams, and other American Colleges, where they uniformly took a high stand for scholarship. His many pupils, scattered all over the world, will learn of the death of their old teacher with unfeigned sorrow. He will be remembered not only as a teacher, but as a preacher in Honolulu, Koloa, and other parts of the Islands. His sermons were thoughtfully and carefully prepared, and enforced by a pure and holy example as a minister of the Gospel. He leaves two sons—the writer of the foregoing letter and Sanford Dole, Esq., a lawyer in Honolulu.

Distressing Drowning Accident.

"New London, Conn., July 3.—David Trumbull, who rowed Yale, number seven oar, in the recent Yale-Harvard race on the Thames, and Col. Charles W. Coit, treasurer of the Chelsea Savings Bank of Norwich, were drowned in New London harbor, midway between the Pequot House and Fort Trumbull, at five o'clock this afternoon. A little son of Colonel Coit fell overboard from a yacht, and his father and Trumbull sprang after him. The yacht hove to as soon as possible, and the child was taken on board by his uncle, who was in the boat. Before she could round again both men sank, Trumbull going to the bottom. The body of Col. Coit floated a little way below the surface of the water, and though taken out within five minutes and subjected to all known appliances in the hands of medical men, he could not be resuscitated. Col. Coit was commander of the 8th regiment, Connecticut volunteers, during the war, and was ex-postmaster of Norwich and a well-known citizen. His age was about 40. Young Trumbull was 25, and would graduate in '80 from the Yale Theological School."

It is with profound sorrow that we are called upon to notice this sad accident. Young Trumbull was a most promising youth. It has been our privilege to be a correspondent of his father, the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso, for more than thirty years. Often has he referred, in his letters, to his sons. Another graduated this year at Yale, while still a third son is an undergraduate in the same college. May the surviving sons long live to cheer and comfort their afflicted parents. Dr. Trumbull is a lineal grandson of the late Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, so highly distinguished in Revolutionary times as the friend of Washington, and denominated by him "Brother Jonathan."

☞ We would acknowledge papers from Mrs. Dr. Scott and Mrs. Joshua Dickson for gratuitous distribution.

WAIMEA, Hawaii, Aug. 9, 1878.

Rev. S. C. Damon, Editor of the Friend.

DEAR SIR,—A notice in reference to myself in the last FRIEND leads me to take up my pen to explain matters.

1. It is a mistake made somehow or other by some that I am the best Hawaiian scholar living. I think there are those now living who are better Hawaiian scholars than I am. Though I have heard, and talked, and read, and preached, and taught, and written and studied the Hawaiian language for 46 years, yet I am by no means perfect in it. I ought to have made far more proficiency. It is an interminable language. I might make an approximation to its end should I live and study 46 years longer. It is one of the oldest living languages of the earth, as some conjecture, and may well be classed among the best, and is well deserving of the diligent study of those who are of a linguistic propensity. The thought to displace it, or to doom it to oblivion by substituting the English language, ought not for a moment to be indulged. Long live the grand old, sonorous, poetical Hawaiian language!

2. It is a mistake that I am now engaged in enlarging and criticising Andrews' Hawaiian Dictionary. This leads me to say what I have done:

1. When I first received a copy of the Dictionary, the vast collection of Hawaiian words called forth my admiration of the diligence and patience and perseverance of the author. Sixteen thousand words! *Hoc opus, hic labor est!*

2. On the examination of the book I was greatly disappointed. There was much that was good, and correct, and helpful and enlightening in it; but there were great defects—many blunders, wrong definitions, an unpardonable jumble of words spelt the same but differently pronounced, of different meanings according to the pronunciation and the article that should be used. There were no marks showing how words should be pronounced or what article should be used, except occasionally. There was a jumbling up of active and neuter verbs, used the one for the other. Many words were wrongly spelt, and hence not Hawaiian words. One great defect was in the guttural words. There was no mark to show the guttural words, which are very numerous. There were some bad words that ought not to appear in a dictionary.

Well, I said to myself, it is a good dictionary under the circumstances, but not good enough to be transmitted to posterity. I will go to work and revise it for my own use and for the use of others, perhaps, hereafter. So I obtained or came in possession of a Dictionary with blank leaves, and set about the revision, employing all the reliable Hawaiian help I could find within my reach or fell in my way. I commenced June, 1867, and ended September, 1870. Hence it is eight years since the completion of the revision, since which time the revising work has ceased; so that I am not now revising and enlarging the Dictionary. The corrections are very numerous. The erasures deface many pages. Some new words have been added. I might have added many more new words during these eight years, for they have been constantly occurring in the Hawaiian newspapers. I find some new words in every newspaper I read—i. e., new to me, and new too, to some of the natives. Had there been any prospect that a revised Dictionary would ever be printed, I should have recorded these new words and their definitions; but I was informed eight years ago that the stock of the first edition then on hand was large enough to supply the present and the future community down to the end of the race perhaps; that a printed revised edition would injure the sale of the old edition. So it has rested till now.

I don't claim that my revision is perfect. Doubtless some of my corrections need correcting. Should the time ever come or the means be provided for the printing of a corrected edition of Andrews' Hawaiian Dictionary, my criticisms may be of some use. Should I be living, I would gladly aid in revising my revision.

Very respectfully yours,

L. LYONS.

E. P. CHURCH, ESQ.—Letters and a file of the Greenville *Independent* have been received from the former President of Oahu College. It appears, from the information which these afford, that he occupies a highly responsible position as Superintendent of the Public Schools of the flourishing little town of Greenville, Michigan. The schools are graded, and embrace 815 pupils, taught by 18 female teachers, under Mr. Church's direction. At the close of the year, the President of the Board expressed the utmost satisfaction with the way the school had been conducted, in respect to both teaching and discipline. Mr. Church remarks: "Teaching here is very different from teaching at the Islands. Teachers that cannot succeed are dropped without much ceremony; murmuring patrons receive but little attention; incorrigible pupils are soon disposed of—sent home. School Boards are a tower of strength behind good teachers. The discipline of these 815 pupils cost me but little concern. All our teachers receive their pay monthly. We send out five graduates that any school may be proud of. Two of them have been admitted to the State University at Ann Arbor." Perhaps in no State of the Union are the Primary Schools more systematically graded, with reference to the State University, than in Michigan, which has become one of the largest collegiate institutions in America, numbering some 1,200 students in all the departments. We have several students from the Islands studying there.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

July 29—Schr Vivid, Sweet, 11 days from Fanning's Island
Aug 4—Ger bk Undine, Rabbe, 14 dys fm San Francisco.
5—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, from Sydney.
5—Haw brig Elise, Pierman, 68 days fm Hong Kong.
5—Am bktne Monitor, Emerson, 14 dys fm Port Gamble.
7—Am brig Sea Waif, Nanson, fm Seattle, via Maliko.
7—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, 13 days fm S Francisco.
11—British ship City of Perth, Torrence, 115 days from Liverpool.
12—Hawn Stmr Waimanalo, Hempstead, 14 days frm San Francisco.
12—Am bk Victoria, Hopp, from Departure Bay.
13—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7 days from San Francisco.
26—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 26 days from Port Gamble.
27—Am 3-mast schr Elnorah, Lass, 18 days from San Francisco.
28—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Pope, 22 days from Portl'd.
28—U. S. school-ship Jamestown, Glass, 25 days from San Francisco.
30—Am bk Buena Vista, Swanton, 24 from Port Gamble

DEPARTURES.

July 27—P M S S Wilmington, Fuller, for San Francisco.
27—Am Schr Joseph Wooley, Briggs, for Guano Is.
Aug 5—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Fracisco
9—Norwegian ship Ariel, Neilson, for San Francisco
11—H I M S Kreysser, Nassimoff, for Japan.
13—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney.
13—Am bk Arkwright, Sears, for Port Townsend.
15—Am brig Sea Waif, Manson, Humboldt.
15—Am bktne Monitor, ———, for Puget Sound.
17—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, for San Francisco
20—Am brig Elise, Perriman, for San Francisco
24—Am bk Victoria, Hopp, for Nanaimo, B. C.
27—Brit sh Benledi, Boyd, for Portland.
28—Ger bk Undine, Rabbe, for San Francisco.

PASSENGERS.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Wilmington, July 27th—H A Peirce, Mrs T G Thrum & child, J A O'Brien, A Galvazos, J Eggers, J G Clevior—Lichell, Mrs McCully, H J Reynolds,—Tucker & wife, C F Peek, Ch Sorrenson, J Lewis & wife, J Joice, A Vernon, H Robinson, Ah Chau.

FOR GUANO ISLANDS—Per Jos Woolley July 27—W Coffin. S Gourlay, J. Gilbertson, Jas McGuire, and 16 native laborers.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, August 6—Hon W M Gibson, E Bailey, W Hyde and daughter, Miss Sage, P Dalton, S B Dole, H Cornwell, wife, child and servant, Mrs S C Lowrey and daughter, J T Arundel, G McNeil, Miss Parke, J T Waterhouse and wife, P C Jones, wife and child, S Hort, Mauking, Mrs J O Carter and daughter, Miss L Wilder, H R Woods, Wm Hazard, G F Wells, F H Wilt.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Zealandia, August 13—Charles Watson, James Aitkin, G C McLean and son, Captain McIntyre, Miss Mary McIntyre, Mrs Charles Pernet, infant and nurse, Colonel Kitchen, wife, two children and servant, Miss Rosa Makee, Rev Oleson and wife. Miss L A Brownell, F E Adams, A McCumisky and wife, Miss Pogue, J B Atherton, Mrs W H Bailey, Miss Kate Gray, Miss L A Ritz, Mrs Brett, Dr Spencer, Mrs Robertson, Charles Knapp, J E Janicki, Mrs A Bell and servant, Charles Smith, Thomas Honan, W Gardner, Mrs Neal and daughter, Frank Oser, J Thomas, J D Eichner, J Edmonds, H Schneider, J Gulliford, J Quinlan, and ninety Chinese. Fifty-four adults and nine children in transitu.

FOR SYDNEY—Per Zealandia, August 13—Mrs A Wundenberg, Mrs Wright, H I Harden, E C Mayne, E Aurep, H P Ledyard, Dr Hiller.

FOR HUMBOLDT—Per Monitor, August 14—P B Morrison, R A McLean.

FOR VICTORIA, B C—Per Victoria, Aug 25—Jos B Berrill and sister, John Bryant.

FROM PORT GAMBLE—Per Jos Perkins, Aug 26—Lorenzo.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per bk Undine, Aug 28—H Ivon, Samuel Norris.

FROM PORTLAND, O.—Per Mattie Macleay, Aug 28—D R Caldwell, Ed Bevans, W E Pope.

MARRIED.

BATES—SEARS—At San Rafael, Cal., on Saturday, July 20th, 1878, Mr. MARSHALL A. BATES, son of the late Judge A. B. Bates, formerly of Honolulu, to Miss LIZZIE SEARS, daughter of Hon. William H. Sears, of San Francisco.

DIED.

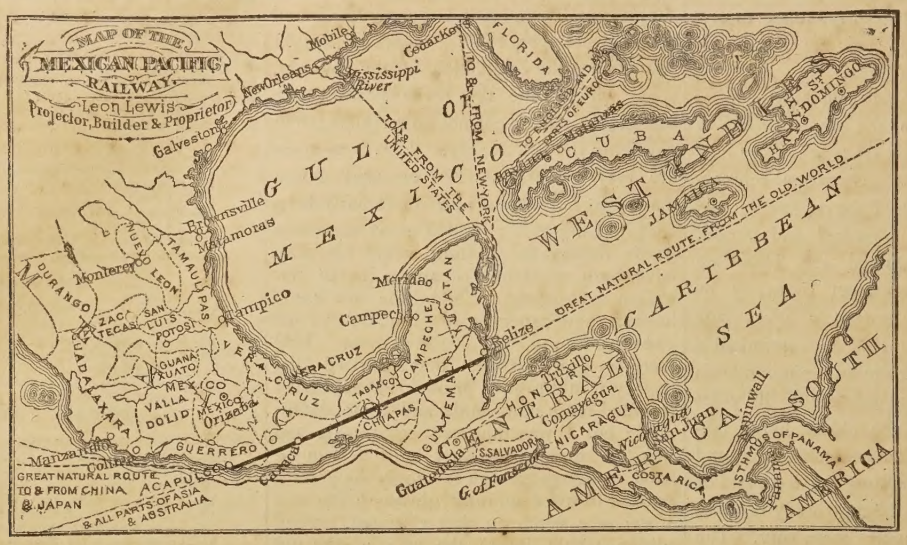
RIVES—In this city, August 20th, Mrs. HOLAU KALANIMEHEAKAIKAWAI RIVES, relict of Mr. Jassin Rives, of Bordeaux, France, who left here in the suite of His Majesty Kamehame II. for England, in 1823. The deceased was a native of the Islands. She leaves a large family of children, grandchildren and a great-grandchild to mourn her loss.

DOIRON—In this city, Aug 8, Mr J J DOIRON, a native of France, aged about sixty years.

Information Wanted.

MRS. D. H. SIMMONDS, of Alta city, Washington Territory, U. S. A., writes to the United States Consul, asking information of her brother, John Clingensmith, who was landed from on board of a ship on one of these Islands, with two other men, about 1860.

MAPS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MR. L. LEWIS' GREAT MEXICAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY PROJECT



THE MEXICAN PACIFIC RAILWAY IS FOUNDED UPON THE FOLLOWING FACTS:

1. The bulk of the world's commerce is carried on between Europe and Asia, and between these two and America.

2. This commerce is carried on chiefly by sailing ships, because sails are cheaper than steam.

3. The creation of the Suez Canal has not had any influence upon the route of sailing ships, they still continue to pass around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope.

4. The creation of a canal across Nicaragua (or any other part of Central America) would not have a great effect upon the routes of sailing ships; they could do better by continuing to follow the same routes as at present.

5. The reason why sailing ships avoid the Suez Canal, and why they would avoid the Nicaragua Canal, is, extreme difficulty of navigating to or from them that is caused by head winds, opposing currents, calms and other great obstacles.

6. The average time of a sailing ship in traversing the Red Sea alone, in either direction, is forty-five days, and ships have been known to drift helplessly in the calms between Peru and Tehuantepec fifty or a hundred days, and even two hundred, or until their crews were obliged to take to their boats and abandon their vessels.

7. There exists, however a great natural and pre-eminent route between Europe and Asia, via America, and between the latter and the two former.

8. This route is indicated on accompanying map, which please see and study.

9. It will be seen that the Divine Hand itself has established for sailing ships a great natural track, in the form of an ellipse, in each of the great oceans, and between all the Continents.

10. This great natural track (in the Atlantic) has its eastern point on England and France, and its western point upon Yucatan and British Honduras.

11. This great natural track (in the Pacific) has its eastern point upon Mexico, and its western upon China.

12. On both oceans sailing ships have the very great advantage (to be found nowhere else) of having the winds and currents entirely and eternally in their favor, both in going and in coming.

13. And lying within the the regular trades and the regular currents, these routes have as tremendous advantages in security over all others as they have in facility and dispatch.

14. The Mexican Pacific Railway is designed to connect, in a direct line across Mexico, these two vast circuits of commerce.

15. The loading or unloading of a ship at either terminus is, at the worst' the loss of a few hours of time and an expense of $100.

16. This necessary drawback is not as one to one hundred in comparison with the advantages of this route over all others.

These few brief points will probably suffice to convince any intelligent mind that the Mexican Pacific Railway is destined to become the World's Highway; the one great route of all the nations! That it will be built has been written by God upon the very face of nature. It is expected the road, and the connecting lines of steamers, will earn fifty millions per annum.

☞ Our neighbor, the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, astonished his readers Aug. 24th by exhibiting the above maps of a grand scheme for revolutionizing the commerce of the world. The originator of this undertaking appears to be a Mr. Lewis, residing in Penn Yan, N. Y. He proposes to make Honolulu the center of a "publishing house" for printing and publishing "works of religious science, and also "to reproduce in the original tongues those recent foreign publications, including voyages and travels, which are especially recommended by their interest or information to American readers."

So far as we can assist Mr. Lewis in the accomplishment of these grand schemes, by republishing his maps, we are ready to lend our aid. We should be only too happy to have Mr. Lewis transfer to Honolulu his library of 25,000 volumes. We feel almost ready to pledge, on the part of citizens or the Government, a library building where the books may be safely deposited.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 9½ A. M. and 3 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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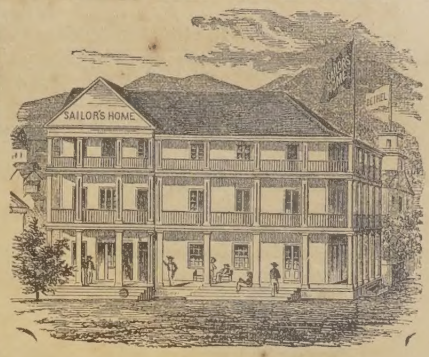

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Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

"Look not upon the Wine when it is Red."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain:
They say it stirs the sluggish blood
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine:
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and wo
Are hid those rosy depths below.

Our College Youth Abroad.

It is most gratifying to receive from so many sources intelligence of the good conduct and literary success of young men born on the Sandwich Islands. Respecting the oration of young Beckwith, born in Honolulu, and graduating this year at Yale, the *Springfield Republican* thus discourses:

"We can say without hesitation that the orations were much better than the average on such occasions. Without forgetting the merits of the others, it should be said that the best was that of Mr. Beckwith upon 'Spinoza.' This composition showed that the author had a rare and comprehensive knowledge—for an undergraduate—of the history of metaphysical speculation. His oratorical powers are of a high order. His delivery was most effective, and the method followed in constructing his oration admirable. It was one of the best orations delivered at Yale for many years, and we do not remember a DeForest since '69 that has surpassed it."

Many of our readers will remember the Burbank family, formerly residing at Koloa, Kauai. From that family, it appears, two sons—R. W. and C. Burbank—have been pursuing their studies at Brown University, Providence, R. I. A correspondent of the *Boston Watchman*, not knowing from whence they came, thus discourses respecting their appearance upon the stage:

"Two brothers, Burbank, of Providence, it is hoped had father or mother, brother or sister, both or all, present in the congregation to enjoy their success on the platform."

We hope soon to welcome young Whitney (son of H. M. Whitney, Esq.), who has for four years been pursuing his studies at Amherst, and graduates this year, leaving there, as undergraduates, Shipman, Bond and Peterson in the College *proper*, and young Wilcox in the Agricultural College. Other youth from the Islands are now studying at Yale, University of Michigan, Harvard, Oberlin, and several other American Colleges. If friends of these young men will send us catalogues or other memoranda, we should be gratified to publish a complete list of "Our College Youth Abroad."

LETTER FROM THE REV. E. FABER, CANTON.—This German missionary, long laboring in China, thus writes, under date May 20th, 1878, via San Francisco: "A few days since I received several letters from my former pupil Satfan [at present the colporteur employed by the Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu, of my School *Farnum*, which gave me great pleasure, for I see that Yip Satfan is going the way I wished him to go—that is, become useful as a servant in the Kingdom of Christ. I hope his heart will be made firm by the grace of Christ. I had always hope for him. He is talented and industrious. I wish you, with all my heart, much success in your work among the Chinese near you, and hope that many will become really converted to the true and living God. Besides Satfan, there are some more members of our Church on your Islands. Satfan will be able to point them out to you. Please give them my sincere regards, and tell them my hope and prayer for them is to behave well as true followers of Christ, never forgetting our eternal destiny."

☞ The Rev. E. B. Tuthill thus writes from Wailuku, under date of August —: "The superintendent of the Wailuku Plantation is anxious have a school opened for the Chinese, and wants me to start it. Can we get some books from the school at the Bethel to make a beginning. There are about 30, I am told, and more coming soon. One Christian Chinaman and his wife among them."

It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Tuthill's health has improved since his arrival on the Islands, and that he is sufficiently recovered to commence the labor of teaching. In regard to books for teaching the Chinese in the English language, we would add that, after nine years' experience, Mr. Dunscombe has finally fixed upon Harper's School and Family Primer and Harper's First, Second and Third Readers. These books may be obtained at most reasonable prices at the rooms of the Board of Education.

☞ The Rev. E. Bond, under date of August 13th, thus writes: "Our Chinese evangelist has gone to Maui, and thence to Hilo, to look after his fellow Chinese Christians and others, many of whom came over with him. Our foreign community needs to be aroused on the subject of Chinese evangelization. They are coming in like a flood. What will be the result, with no saving influences around them?"

☞ We are glad to learn that the management of the *Jamestown* by Captain Glass and his officers has met the cordial approval of the California public. The school has hitherto been sustained by the San Francisco City authorities, but now the vessel has been adopted by the State, and the State Legislature has made an appropriation of $50,000 for her annual support. We hope the "*Jamestown* boys" will sustain the good character of the ship, acquired by her former visits to Honolulu. Such of our readers as are wont to contribute "reading matter" for gratuitous distribution will now enjoy an excellent opportunity for their donations. If they incline to add a few choice and entertaining books for the young, we will see that they are scattered among the "*Jamestown* boys."

F. L. HANKS, ESQ.—Many of our Honolulu readers will recall, in reading this name, the bookkeeper of Captain Spencer, when in business in Honolulu. Mr. Hanks, dating his note "Sinclair House, 754, Broadway, N. Y.," thus writes, under date of 9th July: "The FRIEND has reached me regularly. Enclosed you will find a $5 bill. As I have long predicted, the greenback and the gold value has at last become equalized. There is no discount on 'this great and glorious Republic.' The FRIEND is very interesting and always most welcome. I can hardly bring myself to believe that those letters from Germany are written by that youngster I used to see at your shady home so many years ago. Nor can I help remembering you whenever the anniversary of the burning of the New London whaler, the *Helvetia*, Capt. Porter, on the 25th January, 1846, takes place. What a gale blew that Sunday night!"